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many and Switzerland; it is distilled from cherries, and holds in combination the prussic acid derived from the kernels. Rum is produced in the West Indies from the uncrystallizable liquor, which remains after the manufacture of sugar; it has a very disagreeable and empyreumatic flavour, when new; and requires age before it can be used. Whiskey is the favourite spirit of Ireland and Scotland; it is distilled from malt in Ireland, but in Scotland from oats, or oats and malt combined. The whiskey generally preferred, is that which has no particular flavour; but there are many who esteem that which has the smell of smoke or peat.

All the above spirits are highly stimulant, and when taken medicinally either to relieve spasm in the stomach, to act as a carminative, to increase the action of the heart and arteries, and to restore the energy of the nervous system, as is sometimes indicated in low fevers and other diseases, they may be resorted to with good and beneficial results; but the practice of drinking them, either ardent or diluted, daily, and to the frightful excess which is too often witnessed in these countries, is most injurious to the constitution of the individual,—prejudicial to the well-being and good order of society, and cannot be too strongly reprobated. We have not space to point out the varied acts of moral delinquency arising from it, suffice it therefore to enumerate some few of the destructive consequences upon the mind and body, which we trust may have the effect of deterring those who have as yet avoided it, from commencing; and causing those who have habituated themselves to the baneful practice, to pause ere it is too late. One of the primary effects, is loss of appetite, and inability on the part of the stomach to digest the food which is received into it; the frame is so debilitated, as a consequence of past excitement, and want of its natural support, that it is again felt necessary to seek temporary relief, from a repetition of the stimulus; this being frequently repeated, lays the foundation of biliary derangement, and ultimately destroys the structure of the liver. Debility, emaciation, and dropsy succeed, and the constitution, once healthy and robust, and which might have endured for a long life, vigorous, by temperance, is broken down, and is only relieved by a lingering death. Many other effects might be enumerated, such as that state or disease, known by the name of *delirium tremens*, in which the nervous system is so completely upset, that the martyr to it can only exist under a state of intoxication. The countenance becomes cadaverous, the mind looses its powers, and every muscle (if mere fibre can be called muscle) is perpetually in a tremulous state, and the being becomes rather a subject of disgust than sympathy.—*Butler.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cheap Beer.—Sir, I send you some receipts for cheap beer, to which, I hope, you will give general publicity. I observe, first, that West Indian molasses is the best for the purpose. It is a kind of treacle, which is sold as it comes from the West Indies, and is known by a gritty substance at the bottom of the cask, more or less like sand, which substance is, in truth, an imperfect sugar. Common treacle will do as well, if the quantity be a little increased, say one pound in six or seven; but the best article of all is the coarsest brown sugar you can get; it is better than the higher-priced for this purpose; and you may use one pound in six less of it than the West Indian molasses. It is, however, dearer upon the whole, though still much cheaper than malt. In making beer from unmalted barley, it is necessary to take good care not to use the water too hot, as, if it be, the barley will set, that is, become pasty, and not allow the water to drain off. Be very particular about this; a little oat chaff well mixed with the barley will go a great way to prevent this accident.

Raw Barley and Molasses.—The use of raw grain with molasses, for making beer, is a most valuable discovery for the middle classes. Put a peck of barley or oats into an oven after the bread is drawn, or into a frying-pan, and steam the moisture from them. Then gird or bruise the grain roughly (not fine), and pour on it 2½ gallons of water, so hot as to pain the finger smartly. Mash it well, and let it stand three hours. Then draw it off, and pour on every two gallons nine of water rather hotter than the last; but not boiling (say not above 180°). Mash the liquor well, and let it stand two hours before you draw it off. Pour on afterwards 2 gallons of cold water; mash well, and draw off. You will have about 5 gallons. Mix 7 pounds of West Indian molasses in 5 gallons of water; mix it with the wort from the barley; then add 4 oz. of hops, and boil one hour and a half. When cooled to blood-heat, add a teacupful of yeast; cover it with a sack, and let it ferment eighteen hours. In fourteen days it will be good sound fine beer, quite equal in strength to London porter or good ale. The 9 gallons of beer will cost:—1 peck of barley, 1*s.* 3*d.*; 7 lbs. of molasses, 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.*; 4 oz. of hops, 3*d.*: in all, 3*s.*, or, at most, 3*s.* 6*d.*

2. *Malt and Molasses.*—Pour 8 gallons of water at 175°, on a bushel of malt. Mash well; let it stand three hours; draw it off, and add 8 gallons more water at 196°. Mash, and let it stand two hours: add 8 gallons of cold water to the grain, and let it stand three hours and a half. Mix 28 pounds of West Indian molasses in 20 gallons of water, and boil the whole with 2 pounds of hops for two hours. When the liquor is cooled down to 85°, add half a pint of yeast; cover it with a sack, stir it well, and let it ferment twenty-four hours. In proper time you will have 36 gallons of good ale for — 1 bushel of malt, 9*s.*; 28 lbs. of molasses, 6*s.* to 8*s.* 2 lbs. of hops, 2*s.*: in all 17*s.*, or at most, 19*s.*

3. *West Indian Molasses only.*—Mix 14 pounds of West Indian molasses with 11 gallons of water; boil it for two hours with 6 ounces of hops. Let it become quite cool; add a teacupful of yeast, stir it up, and cover it over with a sack, to keep it warm. Let it ferment sixteen hours, put it into a cask, and keep it well filled up; bung it down in two days, and in seven days it will be fit to drink, and be stronger beer than London porter. This is the simplest of all; a washing copper and a tub, or even a large tea-kettle, only being requisite. Thus 9 gallons of beer can be made:—14 lbs. of molasses, 3*s.*. or, at most, 4*s.*; 6 oz. of hops, 4½*d.*: in all, 3*s.* 4½*d.*, or, at most, 4*s.* 4½*d.*

A small quantity of copperas, or vitriol of iron, about as much as will lie on the point of a small knife, is in general use, to give beer a head, and make it drink pleasant and lively. It is not necessary, but it is not unwholesome in any respect.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

HEROISM.

A corporal of the 17th Dragoons, named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina, during the American war, being appointed to escort an important despatch through a country possessed by the enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot, which also laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to every thing but duty, he seized the despatch, and continued his route till he sunk from loss of blood. Unable to proceed farther, and yet anxious for his charge, to which he knew death would be no security against the enemy, he then

> "Within his wound the fatal paper plac'd,
> Which proved his death, nor by that death disgrac'd.
> A smile, benignant, on his count'nance shone,
> Pleas'd that his secret had remain'd unknown:
> So was he found."

A British patrol discovered him on the following day, before life was quite extinct; he pointed out to his comrade the dreadful depository he had chosen, and then satisfactorily breathed his last. The Earl of Moira has erected a monument to the hero in the church of his native parish.

THE WICKLOW GOLD MINES.

In Ireland, county of Wicklow, seven miles west of Arklow, about the year 1770, there was an old schoolmaster, who used frequently to entertain his neighbours with accounts of the richness of their valley in gold: and his practice was to go out in the night to search for the treasure. For this he was generally accounted insane. But in some years after, bits of gold were found in a mountain stream, by various persons; and, in 1796, a piece weighing about half an ounce. The news of this having circulated amongst the peasantry, such an infatuation took possession of the minds of the people, that every sort of employment, save that of acquiring wealth by the short process of picking it up out of the streams, was abandoned; and hundreds of human figures were to be seen bending over the waters, and scrutinizing every object there to be seen. In this way, during six weeks, no less than 800 ounces of gold were found, which sold for £3 15*s*. per ounce, or £3,000. Most of the gold was found in grains; many pieces weighed between two and three ounces; there was one of five ounces, and one of twenty-two. It contained about 6 per cent. of silver. Government soon undertook the works; but the amount of gold found, while superintended by the appointed directors, was only £3,671. It then appeared that there was no regular vein in the mountain, and that these fragments had probably existed in a part of the mountain which time had mouldered away, and left its more permanent treasure as the only monument of its ancient existence. The works were at length discontinued.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

THE SKY.

The sky! the sky! I love the sky,
Earth's wondrous, wide-spread canopy,
Doming above us,—sight's loftiest bound,
Throwing its brightness on all around:
Ever present, though reachless, its splendour on high—
Who loves not to gaze on the beautiful sky?

I love the sky in its garb of grey,
When its mists and its night-clouds are rolling away;
Or array'd in the blaze of the summer noon,
Or the crimson sun-set; or when the moon
Pales the myriad glimmering stars of even,
And reigns in her beauty, bright queen of heaven!

I love to look on the clear blue sky,
When the fleecy white clouds are flitting by,
And to watch their changing hue and form—
Temples of vapour, and hills of storm—
Or when from its bosom the lightnings flash,
While its warring clouds in deep thunder crash.

The earth is fair; but madmen mar
Its beauty by ruthless rapine and war:
They rage and they blast,—with fire and sword
Defacing the beauteous works of the Lord;
And I blush as I look on the green earth's face,
Wasted, laid bare, by the sons of my race.

Fair is the bosom of ocean wide;
But its deeps full many a lost one hide,
And the wrecks of navies, the spoils of the shore,
Are strew'd on its "vast untrampled floor."
I think of its lures as I list to its roar,
And I love the treacherous sea no more.

But look on yon holy etherial sky,
Man's impotent efforts reach not so high,
Thought loves to travel the spanless space,
And the mind's eye delights to see there a place
Where wars, sin, and death, and sorrows shall cease,
And the weary spirit at length find peace.

O tell me not of the marble dome,
The glory of ancient Greece or Rome;
At home, abroad, at sea, on shore,
Let me the great Jehovah adore
In his temple of vastness, the firmament high,—
All his works praise him there; cloud, sun, star, and sky.

When the hour shall come of my mortal doom,
Immure me not in the close dark room;
But give me the bright blue heavens to see,
For they speak to my soul of eternity,—
And the dying gaze of my glazing eye
Shall seek for a home in yon glorious sky!

Manchester Guardian.

IMPROVEMENTS IN IRELAND.

We have more than once called the attention of our readers to the capabilities of Ireland—we now again call their attention to it, in the description of a neglected tract of country which we take from Mr. Bryan's Practical View of Ireland.

"A circle of twenty miles diameter, having Abbeyfeale for its centre, forms a portion of the great group of hills between the Shannon and the Blackwater, which are situated on the confines of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry; which group occupies 640 square miles Irish, and are all nearly of the same character.

"Abbeyfeale, in the centre of this tract, is a village in the county of Limerick, on the east bank of the river Feale. It has 440 inhabitants. This village being six miles north of the junction of three counties, the circle would extend four miles southward into Cork; and being close to the boundary of Kerry, extends ten miles westward into that county, and ten miles eastward into Limerick. Near its circumference are situated the towns of Castleisland, Newcastle, Shanagolden, Glin, Tarbert, and Listowel; this last is eight miles distant, the others from ten to twelve; and there is no resident gentleman, except a few in the immediate vicinity of the towns above mentioned, and below the basis of the hills.

"The mineral productions, so far as they have been discovered, do not excite much interest; the hills are of the "coal formation;" highly indurated sandstone and black slate clay, of various degrees of hardness. On the rocks, several beds of culm have been discovered, and some of them worked; but those already wrought seldom exceed twelve inches in thickness, and dip at a steep angle. These circumstances, together with the unskilful mode of working, render the expense of raising the culm considerable, and the demand is not great, on account of an abundant supply of turf in all parts. Limestone is the rock on which all those hills rest, and it is found all round them, at the base of the group, and in many places towards the south in the interior.

"The outline of the hills within the circle is tame and uninteresting. The rock is covered with a coat of clay from three to thirty feet in thickness formed of the course of the decomposed debris of the rocks, which lie beneath, and contain the two ingredients, argil and silex, with scarcely any mixture of lime; towards the summits of the hills, and even a good way down their sides, the clay is covered with peat or bogs, generally from six inches to three feet in thickness, which produces heath, and a few species of coarse grass. Further down, approaching the valleys, there is no bog, but a vegetable soil, part of which is tilled, and produces good crops of oats and potatoes; where lime has been applied, the produce is three or four fold, and in some instances ten times the quantity has been obtained.

"More than three-fourths of this tract has never been cultivated, and the whole affords great natural advantages to the improver, whether his object is agriculture or manufacture.

"The average height of these hills being about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, they are not too high for luxuriant vegetation. The bog, however, which forms the surface at present, if left alone and unmixed with any other substance, is nearly barren; the clay which lies beneath is entirely so; but if the light bog were drained and dug up, and some of the clay substratum got up and mixed with it, along with a proper proportion of lime, a very superior vegetable soil may be made on every perch of the whole surface, and acres of barren heath may be made to produce the finest oats, potatoes, or hay; so the agriculturalist having the substratum to form a basis for his soil, and the peat for vegetable manure, on the spot, wants only to bring lime to decompose that manure, and to employ labour, in order to convert the wild haunts of the grouse into a productive field for human sustenance.

"A circle of twenty miles diameter is 201,062 Irish acres. It is allowed that a well cultivated acre will support five persons; in the present instance admit it will support them; and if three-fourths of the above quantity be in the state of nature, the land now waste could by industry be